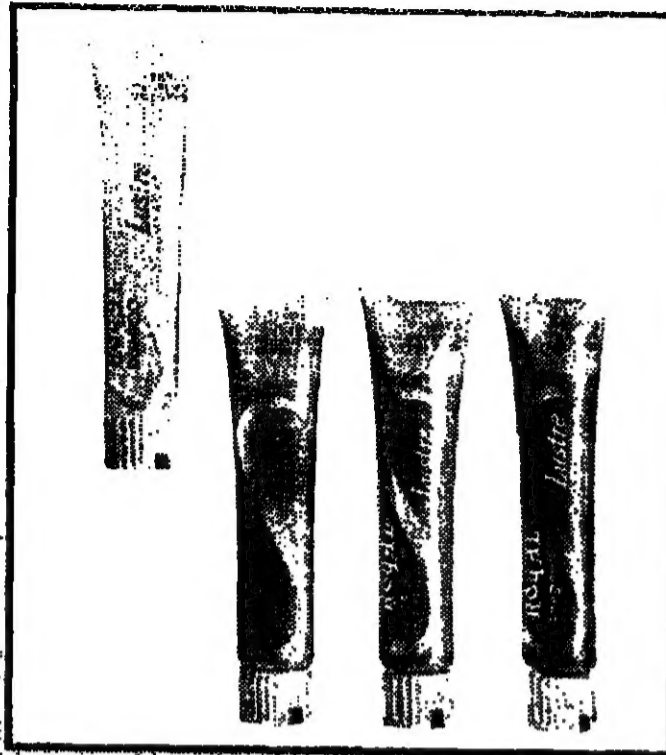
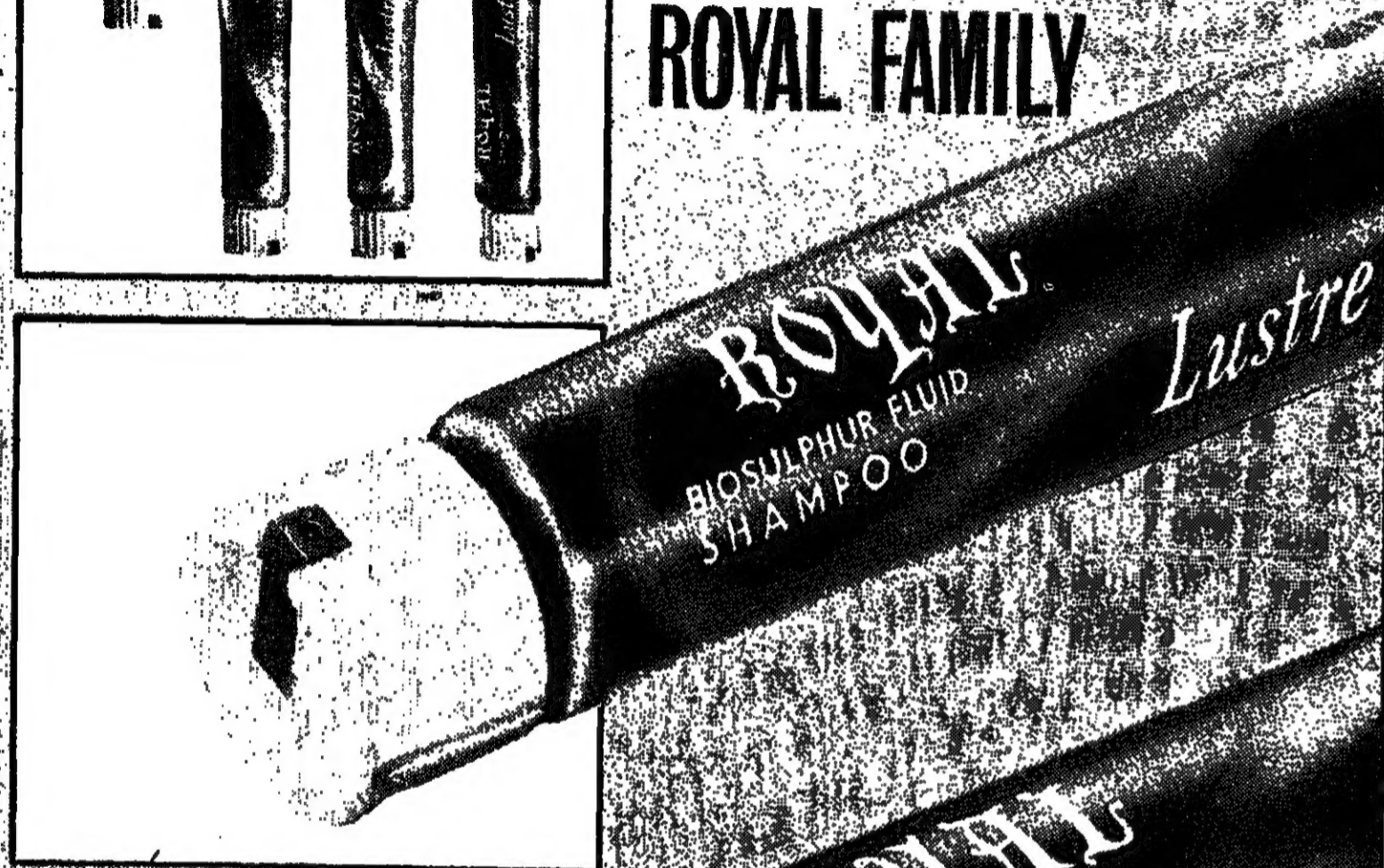


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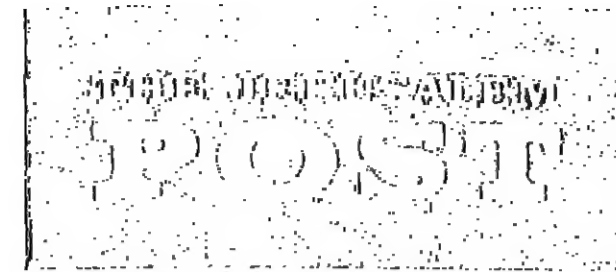
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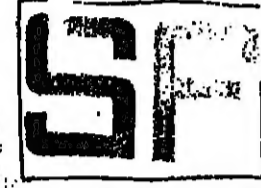
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"The meals of the grandfathers are no longer applicable." (Photos Braun)



"The youth movements... 'caught in a dilemma.'"

Portrait of the young Israeli

Sabra youth has come under heavy criticism of late, particularly in the Hebrew press, because they allegedly no longer measure up to the high moral standards of the pioneers. It is said that they have no values, cheat at exams, ape Western ways, question Zionism. PHILIP GILLON canvasses opinions about the young Israeli.

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The cover photo is by David Rubinger.

It may be some consolation to the worthy fathers and mothers who are shaking their grizzled heads over the sins of their young to know that the problem is not exactly new. At an international Symposium on Youth Unrest, held in Tel Aviv towards the end of last year, Professor M. G. Wolfgang, Chairman of the Department of Sociology of the University of Pennsylvania, quoted from a tablet written in Sumer around 2000 B.C.:

The drama begins with a dialogue between a father and his son. He says: "Where did you go?"

"I didn't go anywhere."
"If you didn't go anywhere, why do you idle about. Go to school. Stand before your school father (meaning professor). Recite your assignment. Open your school bag. Write your tablet. Let your big brother write your new tablet for you. And after you have finished your assignment and reported to your monitor, come to me. Do not wander about the street in idleness."

'Be a man'

"Come now, be a man. Don't stand about in the public square or wander about the boulevard. Don't look around. Be humble. Show fear before your monitor. You who wander about in the public square, would you achieve success? Then seek out the first generation before you. Go to school. It will be of benefit to you. Never in all my life did I make you carry reeds to the cane break. The reed which the young and the little carry, never in your life did you carry them. I never said to you, follow my caravans. I never sent you to work to plough in my field."

"And yet night and day I am tortured because of you. Night and day you waste in pleasures..."

At this conference, Professor Andre de Vries, the Rector of the Tel Aviv University, outlined his views of the good and bad aspects

of Israeli youth. The bad: "In their study they look for the way of least effort, as for instance preferring systematic copyable lectures allowing passive absorption to active learning through reading and discussion; they try to abolish examinations, and often, if feasible, resort to copying. They are little heard in matters of state and society. Their artistic performances are old-fashioned, their student journal rather fascid. No doubt driven by economic necessity and post-army belatedness of study, their chief aim is to finish their studies as fast as possible."

On the positive side, Professor de Vries listed their spiritual interest in Israel and the Jewish people, the lack of hatred of the Arabs, their abhorrence of violence and the general rejection of drugs. He finds their manners good and dignified, as proved by their willingness to debate problems rationally.

Youth certainly has a strong protagonist in Dr. Chaim Adler, of the Department of Sociology of the Hebrew University, and Director of the Centre for the Study of Culturally Disadvantaged Children in the School of Education. Dr. Adler has been specialising in studies of Israeli youth ever since he was a scout.

"The campaign against the youth is most unfair," he declares heatedly. "Where else in the world do you find 90 per cent of the boys and 50 per cent of the girls going into an army? For several years without protest? Not only that, but, even after their long service period is over, they are called up every year. A student disappears for a month; he has gone into the reserves. Yet no student comes and asks for special concessions; they take it for granted. It is part of the Israeli way of life."

"Another thing is their reaction to new immigrants and foreign students, their understanding that such people should get housing

and educational facilities, even though it is so difficult for the sabras to get any kind of housing at all. They are having a very tough time, and nobody gives them credit for the way they put up with it. They don't take to drugs or alcohol, they don't riot."

But it is said that they cheat and copy in examinations. Personally, I do not think that this is so terrible a crime: it began when Adam had to answer questions about the apple, and the tradition was carried on when Jacob swindled Esau out of his birthright. Cheating is universal. But it is alleged that the difference in Israel is that it is condoned, that it is no great sin to be found out, that invigilators often help the examinees they are supposed to be controlling.

Atrophied system

Dr. Adler comments: "You must see things in perspective. We live in the year 1972, when men have reached the moon, and every night we get news by satellite from all round the globe. Yet our school system is atrophied in the nineteenth century European mould. The emphasis is on memorizing data and developing an examination technique. It is exactly the same system as I learned under 30 years ago, the same system my father endured in Czechoslovakia a generation before me."

"Not only is the emphasis on memory and exams, but the penalties for failure are devastating and last for a lifetime. A man's life is shaped by a boy's examination. It is no wonder that the young cheat."

"And you must consider the milieu in which this cheating takes place. It is accepted in our society that people should avoid income tax, get hidden fringe benefits, use influence. Yet the very people who are responsible for the development of this Israeli way of life throw bricks at the young."

But what about the disappear-

ance of the old pioneering values?

"The problem is that we live in a modern industrial state, in which the ideals of the grandfathers and fathers are no longer applicable. Even in the cultural field, we are very preoccupied with the written Jewish culture, and are suspicious and contemptuous of new media like television, modern music, new ballet and art."

"In the forties, the position of the young was comparatively easy: we had challenges, we could get into positions of leadership to meet them. Now we have a solidly entrenched establishment of older people which assures the young: 'Leave everything to us, we're doing a wonderful job looking after security, finance, immigration, the lot. Don't rock the boat.' And then the old guard raise their hands in horror and moan about the lack of pioneering values, when the youngsters go off to the beach for a swim."

Pacifism

He has emphasized the willingness of the young to serve in the Army, and their stoical endurance of its arduous. What does he say about the Giora Neumann case and the reaction to it?

"It is remarkable that so far there has been only one all-the-way pacifist among Israeli youth, although there are many in the middle. A few years ago, at the time of the Nahum Goldmann incident, we sampled youth public opinion. Eighty per cent approved of the way the Government was handling security matters, but 80 per cent disapproved of the attitudes to peace. With regard to Giora Neumann, it is very significant that this has become one of the most heated subjects of debate among the youth. Some are pro-Neumann some anti-Neumann. It proves that the youth is not apathetic, that they do not lightly accept the view of the majority. He is particularly interested in

(Continued on page 4)

מכאן הכל

YOUTH AND SEX

(Continued from page 3)

youth movements, yet these movements seem to be losing their influence among the young.

"They are caught in a dilemma: on the one hand they want to go on stressing the old pioneering values, on the other hand they try to expand their membership and to become extracurricular organizations doing community work. It's hard to do both things. They can either develop a small elite training for a kibbutz, or they can participate in important urban work, but they can't ride two horses in opposite directions at the same time."

At an International Symposium on Sex Education which took place recently in Tel Aviv, Dr. Moshe Lancet, of the Kaplan Hospital's Department of Obstetrics, amazed most Israelis by disclosing that, up to the age of 10, only 10.4 per cent of Israeli boys had had sexual intercourse, and only 12.7 per cent of the girls. There certainly seem to be no indications that promiscuity is widespread among young Israelis: on the contrary, they are more romantic and conservative about sex.

Going steady

Sociologists and psychologists agree that among young Israelis intercourse is not casual, but is the rule where two young people are "going steady" for a long time. It has replaced the "heavy petting" of an earlier day. On the other hand, the standard of sexual education is very poor throughout the country, and, in an age of sexual freedom, Dr. Dan Hertz, of Hadassah's Department of Psychiatry, reports a remarkable degree of ignorance among young married couples, leading often to severe emotional problems.

Returning to Dr. Adler, he says that one of the main weaknesses of the young Arabs is a lack of style in their daily lives: they seem to be very petty bourgeois. Perhaps because affluence is still not easily attainable in Israel, they are very preoccupied with the value of material objects. On the other hand, he notes that there is hardly a generation gap in the country; parents understand their children, and work very hard to help them, while the children appreciate these sacrifices.

He concludes: "But all this talk about cheating at exams is obscuring consideration of the two really great moral questions of our day — the attitudes to culturally disadvantaged youth, whose stereotype is the Black Panther, and to the Arabs. The Black Panthers feel that they are not getting a square deal. In a world which values achievement above all else, they are the non-achievers. What is to become of them? How should the Ashkenazi youth relate to them? This difficult question is still unanswered."

The real issues

"Then there is the question of our attitude to the Arabs. Whatever the political future may be, we are going to have to live with the Arabs for ever. Adult Israelis have tried to brush the problem under the carpet, saying that it can wait for a political settlement. This ostrichism has been very bad for the youth. They don't hate the Arabs, but many of them despise them because they have been unsuccessful. This attitude can do a lot of harm. It is not good enough to say, 'Look at the high wages and other benefits the Arabs are getting.' We have to face the social and moral problems involved, and the problem is crucial for the youth."

"These two questions should be our dominant preoccupations in considering the youth, not whether they cheat in stupid exams."

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DAHAF

The whole aura surrounding the McGovern candidacy has been one of moral superiority, but recent examples of political opportunism are worrying supporters, writes SAM LIPSKI.

WASHINGTON D.C. — THE sigh of relief in the camp of Senator George McGovern echoes around Washington. Finally, after a disastrous week which led to the dropping of Senator Thomas Eagleton, followed by a bizarre week where half a dozen men rejected McGovern's invitation to replace Eagleton, the Democrats have a ticket. It is hard to imagine a more damaging start to a presidential campaign, but Sargent Shriver is regarded as a gambling man. At the same time there is nothing more misleading than the instant "moods" which characterize the boohouse atmosphere of a presidential campaign. This year, more than any in recent memory, the record of the campaign so far suggests that taking any result for granted is a mistake. Thus while the Eagleton affair undoubtedly hurt McGovern's chances, by itself the damage need not be irreparable. After all, there are three months to go before the election, the electorate's memory is short and its temper fickle, and McGovern has yet to take his case to the voters.

Nevertheless, McGovern is in trouble. But this is for reasons which, although dramatized in the Eagleton disaster, go well beyond it. A new running-mate does not change the situation. The Senator from South Dakota is devilled by two basic problems, both ironic. He stands at the edge of a yawning credibility gap — and his greatest strength, his organization, now threatens to become a weakness. How did this happen?

Backing away

The credibility problem was already a small cloud on the horizon before the Miami Convention. Having thrust his way to the front with a superbly named *Bltzkrig* in the primaries, the candidate began to back away from his more radical proposals. The prairie populist who had been promising a fundamental redistribution of the nation's wealth, and giving corporate presidents ulcers and apoplexy, took a full-page advertisement in the "Wall Street Journal" to praise the "system of private enterprise" and modify his tax reform plan into fuzzy oblivion.

The welfare reform package which would have given every American one thousand dollars a year was put into cold storage. The leading dove on Vietnam became an outspoken hawk on Israel as he grasped for the arid Jewish vote. Until he came to Miami this was widely regarded by supporters and opponents alike as the inevitable move to the centre by a man pragmatic enough not to let adherence to an ideology stand in the way of the big prize. But by the time the Convention was over Senator McGovern had paid a heavy price for his "pragmatism." It began with the tactics he used to win the chal-

The troubles of George McGovern

lenge on the crucial California delegation. Having pledged his support to the women's caucus on the South Carolina delegation in the morning, he ordered his cadres at night to make sure they lost the vote, because success would have threatened the California struggle and with it the nomination.

For students of the grand political coup, it was a classic manoeuvre worthy of a footnote in any edition of Machiavelli. But for the stunned women supporters of the new politics it was a dispiriting revelation. When the same disciplined tactics were used by the McGovern staff to defeat the controversial platform planks on abortion, guaranteed annual income, homosexuality, marijuana, and tax-reform, the honeymoon with the "new coalition" of the Left was over.

In political terms perhaps it did not matter very much that a women's liberation leader, Gloria Steinem, tearful and disillusioned, left Convention Hall cursing the efficiency of the McGovern organization which had ensured the defeat of her abortion platform. But it was a significant danger signal. To get victory in the primaries Senator McGovern had relied on the driving force of the Left. In the process, he had alienated the party regulars, the big labour unions and conservative Democratic voters. Now, in trying to win them back, he was turning off the ideologues.

Vietnam

And yet the strangest example of the McGovern dilemma has been his wavering line on the one issue which was supposedly immune to compromise: Vietnam.

Throughout his campaign and on the eve of the convention he had repeated his basic proposal: to withdraw all American forces within 90 days — and all aid to Saigon — and go to Hanoi and "beg" if necessary, for the release of the prisoners of war. "Begging is better than bombing," he said. But having won the California challenge, he told a group of P.O.W. wives that if necessary he would leave a residual force of American troops in Thailand and off the coast of Vietnam to guarantee the release of the prisoners.

The next day he told an angry crowd of radical students chanting "Lyndon McGovern" that he had not changed his policies. A week later he told a television panel he saw no contradiction between leaving troops in Thailand and his policy of withdrawal from Indochina. The problem in all this for McGovern is not the simple one of inconsistency. For one thing it must be said that consistency has not been one of President Nixon's hallmarks since he came to office, either in domestic or foreign affairs. But the problem is that the whole aura surrounding the McGovern candidacy has

been one of moral superiority, a contempt for the "old-politics" of compromise and expediency. According to McGovern himself the basic issue for the American voter is one of credibility, trust, and honesty. How is all this seen from the White House and how will it affect the campaign? Patrick Buchanan, a Special Assistant to President Nixon and one of his speechwriters, has already made it clear: "McGovern's adversaries within and without his party are unlikely to forget or let him forget the more extreme statements and positions of his decade-long Senate career. And his new friends are unlikely to forget the transparent expediency of their champion at Miami Beach."

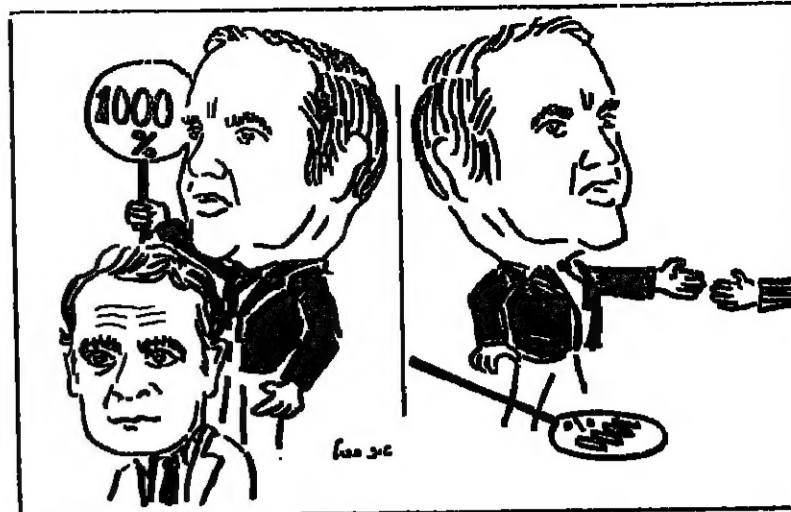
National joke

And so to the Eagleton affair and its aftermath. The spotlight throughout was on McGovern as much as on the luckless man he had chosen to run with him. When the two appeared before journalists in South Dakota to disclose the Missouri Senator's mental illness McGovern said "I am behind him 1,000 per cent." The statement came to haunt him and has quickly become a national joke. As the "1,000 per cent support" shifted to lukewarm enthusiasm and finally to a cold decision to drop Eagleton, even hitherto sympathetic columnists and newspapers, such as the "Washington Post" and the "New York Times," began to ask critical questions.

It may have been Eagleton who was to blame for the whole affair for the lack of candour he displayed at a moment when ambition claimed him, but McGovern's indecision and contradictory behaviour did the real damage. It seems almost certain that he lost the State of Missouri where public sympathy was for the native son. Across the nation the harm was more difficult to assess but it gave the Opposition added ammunition.

The Eagleton controversy, and the week of trying to find a replacement which followed, also raised questions about the much-vaunted McGovern staff and organization. While even Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, a McGovern fan, acknowledges the excellence of the grass-roots organization, and the young lieutenants who won the nomination, it seems that the McGovern revolution is now devouring its children. Personality and ideological disputes have broken out inside the upper hierarchy, and some key decisions have been taken by McGovern only after he had to fight his staff.

Take the remarkable sequence of events which led first to McGovern asking Lawrence O'Brien to stay on as party chairman, then backing down in the face of intense opposition from his staff, then acknowledging he had made "the worst mistake of his political



career" in listening to them and then appointing O'Brien against their wishes to a key campaign position with his own budget and staff. In the Eagleton affair it was not always clear when McGovern was leading, and when he was being led. Running against an incumbent President who has all the advantages — the full panoply of high office and the appearance of being in command — this is a weakness McGovern cannot afford. In military terms the McGovern organization showed they were talented insurgents, and skilled guerrilla fighters by capturing the nomination. Thus far they have not adapted to the conventional warfare of campaigning for the White House.

The list of McGovern's worries could be extended. As the summer continues the evidence grows that Catholics, Jews and blue-collar workers are becoming cooler than ever to the Democratic Party under its new leadership. Governor George Wallace is not running a third party race, making it easier for Nixon in the South and in some key Northern states. The funds of organized labour will be denied to McGovern in some major states

all over the country. Is it all hopeless, then, for McGovern? The answer must be that despite all of the present signs he could still be the next President of the United States. This is not just a way of saying anything is possible. It is a reminder that misfortune and setbacks are not the perpetual legacy of any one party.

The basic political facts of life must still be recalled: Democrats outnumber Republicans at the polls — President Nixon is vulnerable on the economy, the war, and yes, credibility — and there is a new youth vote, despite its uncertainties.

And finally there is the unpredictable mood of a presidential year. The Democrats have just had to suffer through the Eagleton drama — the Republicans may be jolted by an unexpected scandal such as the one which seems to be brewing over the links between President Nixon's fundraisers and the men caught trying to "bug" the Democrats' headquarters.

If the election was held tomorrow it would be a landslide for Nixon — but a prudent man would not be placing his bets just yet.

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WHISTLE-STOP

Ephraim Kishon goes swimming

The other Wednesday I went to the new neighbourhood swimming pool. I had been told some Arabian Nights stories about it: though somewhat on the small side, it was very clean, because they never stop sweeping to keep it spotless. There was no noise. Quite the contrary: quiet and order and national discipline and hygiene and politeness and respect and obeying of administrative orders and water and air and sun and shade and trees.

So curiosity got the better of me and I went to the new pool to check up on the rumours. I descended a number of well-scrubbed steps and had to admit that the legend was based on facts. The water was as clear as a hidden tax, there wasn't a scrap of paper on the ground, no horsplay, no hanky-panky of any kind. Culture reigned supreme, Scandinavian civilization. I tiptoed up to the ticket-booth and said to its beautiful keeper: "Ticket please."

"Shalom, sir," the keeper said, "we say Shalom here." "Shalom," I said, blushing deeply, and paid for the aesthetically designed, attractively coloured entrance ticket. Then I prepared to proceed to the locker room, but was stopped dead in my tracks by an ear-shattering whistle: "Frrr — frrr," and saw the pool lifeguard blowing in my general direction with a double-barrelled, long-range organ pipe.

Into trunks

"Kindly change into bathing trunks in the locker room." "Naturally," I answered, "that's what I came for."

"Then hurry, sir, will you," the lifeguard said, and half turned his back on me. From the top of the steps he surveyed the pool area with eagle eyes, like a searchlight they've forgotten to turn off in the morning. I quickly undressed in the locker room, hung my things on a brand-new plastic hanger, and handed them over to the attendant, a noble youth, who thereupon addressed me in a most courteous way and said:

"Please button up your shirt, sir, otherwise it might fall off the hanger, and that would be a pity, wouldn't it?"

Filled with gratitude I buttoned up the shirt, then accepted a perfectly round disc

from the hands of the attendant, who took this opportunity to wish me a nice time and good health. I left the locker room in a slight daze, but hardly had I gone a few steps when I heard: "Frrr — frrr," and the lifeguard informed me that it was forbidden to enter the pool area in sandals, because of various summer fungi. Without arguing I slipped them off and carried them in my hands, but the lifeguard's whistle quickly reached me:

"Frrr — frrr! Sandals may not be carried even by hand in the pool area."

I had no choice but to deposit my footwear with the gracious attendant, then emerged again. There was another "Frrr — frrr" and the lifeguard dropped a subtle hint: "Would you like to take a shower?"

In other words, it is forbidden for the public good, to enter the pool area without showering. I was still standing under the shower when I heard a whistle which went something like this:

Special sense

"Frrr — frrr." Not only that, but the lifeguard left his high perch and came down to me in person. "Sir," the descending lifeguard observed, "excuse me, but your trunks are loose. Kindly get yourself another pair that won't fall down — immediately."

I asked him how he knew that the rubber band encircling my waist had stretched, whereupon he explained that he had been in this job for 15 years and had developed a special sense for detecting any stretched rubber bands intruding into the pool area. Then he returned to his perch, and I went to the manageress, said Shalom, and enquired about a pair of trunks, largeish but slip-proof. I came out of the office and heard somebody whistling:

Another shower

"Frrr — frrr."

Before long I realized that the lifeguard had whistled so that I should take another shower, because if you left the pool area even for a moment, you reverted to newcomer status. I showered and then dropped into one of the deck chairs lined up there in military order, and right away there was a "Frrr — frrr," meaning that it's forbidden to sit around the pool in wet swimsuits. I slunk away and started eating a cheese sandwich to restore my strength, but I never reached the cheese, because after three bites I heard a familiar sound, something like "frrr — frrr," and the lifeguard motioned that eating around the pool is forbidden. He summoned a slave boy, who shooed me away and sprinkled disinfectant round the place where I had been sitting.

It was then that the first wave of persecution mania struck me. I dropped down on all fours and advanced slowly towards the edge of the pool, and there, at the bottom of the steps, I hid behind a big concrete boulder in such a way that I could see only the sky, and no one on this earth could see me. In this relative safety, I fell asleep, but was immo-

diately awakened by a shrill whistle.

"Frrr — frrr!" the lifeguard shrilled and shook me gently. "No sleeping in the pool area, you might get sunstroke. Into the water with you!"

I got up and hurried waterwards, but on the way there the lifeguard stopped me by sounding his whistle:

"Frrr — frrr! First to the toilet!"

"I don't need to."

"Go!"

"I went to the toilet, stayed there two or three minutes, came out and made a dash for the water, hoping in this way to escape the lifeguard's clutches, but no."

"Frrr — frrr," I heard, "don't run!"

It was the lifeguard. What's more, he asked me to come

close and inspected me from all sides lest I be infected with leprosy. Satisfied that I had been cured and was no longer contagious, he sent me to the shower room. There, standing under the water jet with closed eyes, the suspicion flashed through my mind that I had stumbled into hell, but had not recognized it immediately because it was camouflaged as a Scandinavian swimming pool.

Musing on my predicament, I walked without running, slowly, towards the pool and prepared to dive in.

"Frrr — frrr!" the whistle promptly arrived, "no diving from the side in the pool area."

"Damn it!" I shouted, "what it allowed here?"

"Frrr — frrr!" the lifeguard replied, "no shouting in the pool area."

I fled from his side, dived in and swam underwater until my lungs almost burst, hoping he would forget me. But he followed my movements like a hawk because, as I said, the water was very clean.

"Frrr — frrr!" he whistled as I came up for air and added: "no swimming with open eyes in the pool area. The water is chlorinated."

So I swam with closed eyes.

"Frrr — frrr! No splashing in the pool area, sir."

"I can't help it, that's the way I swim."

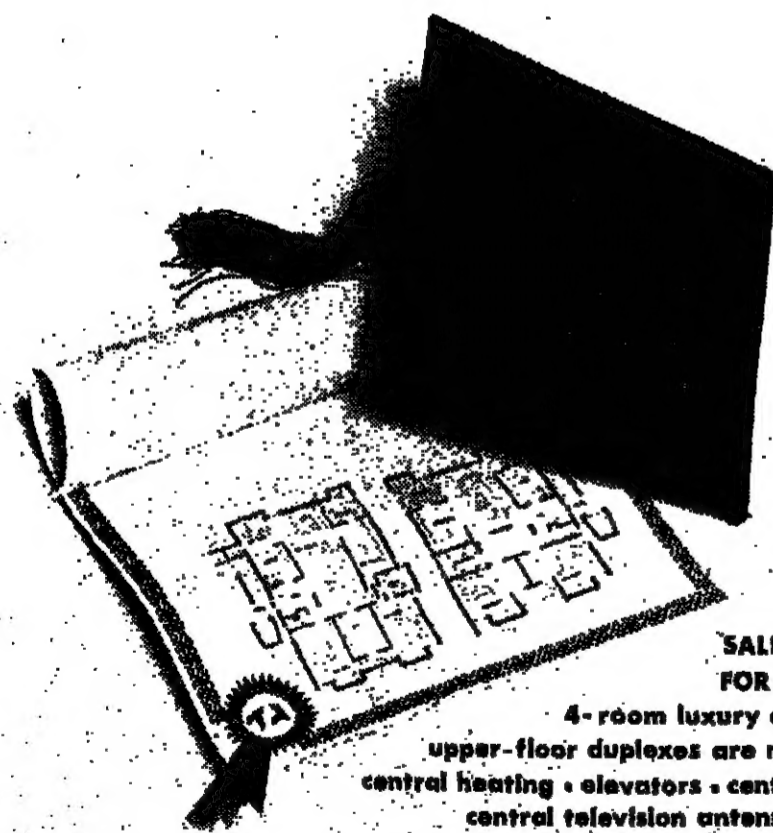
"Frrr — frrr! Then stop swimming, sir!"

I stopped swimming and drowned. As a matter of fact, that's what I should have done long ago.

Translated by Yehanna Goldman. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

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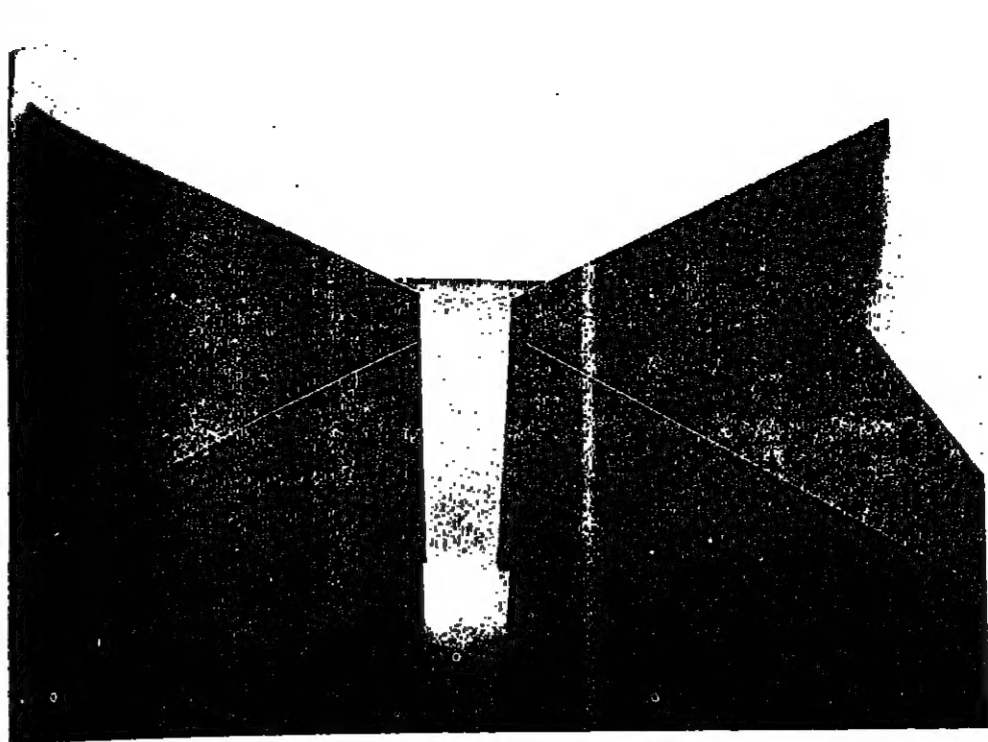
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RICHARD SERRA (New York): "Circuit," 1972 (four iron plates, 87 tons).



CHUCK CLOSE (New York): "John," 1971/72 (acrylic on canvas). Visitors at right give an idea of the scale of this enormous portrait.

DOCUMENTA



ARNULF RAINER (Vienna): "Self-art" (photo reproduction).

(Continued from previous page)
 ten our awareness of the whole scene and every detail of it at one and the same time.

Inside an enormous plastic air bubble as dark as night is another scene that carries this development a step further: a horrific tableau of life-size figures by California's Edward Kienholz, till now well known as a maker of rooms and furniture that recreates the atmosphere of a life, a portrait of the person who isn't there. Here, in the headlights of real cars, a group of southern farmers, some of them armed with shotguns, castrate a Negro found in one of the cars with a white woman. The faces of the whites are covered with rubber gun masks. The scene belongs perhaps to America's past; but it is telling social comment, it does not participate, while the audience, which The Negro's body is surrealistic; it has two heads, one furious, one resigned and the body is part white and part a container filled with water. Museums in London and the U.S. have refused to show this work. (Prof. Bode tells me that Kienholz is planning a massive anti-Vietnam "monument", over 50,000 top earth soldier killed in Vietnam, which will be rotting together in

one great field, with grass and flowers growing out of them. The emotional effect of this political art gesture will surely be overwhelming.)

Prof. Bode, who still heads the Documenta management, designed the bubble that houses Kienholz' work, which he much admires, but he is unhappy that Szeeemann includes rooms full of life-size photos documenting German and Viennese "aktionen." These orgiastic happenings, notably by Gunter Brus, Herman Nitsch and Arnulf Rainer, involve everything from body-painting and self-castration to simulated self-castration and the actual crucifixion and disembowelment of a lamb called to a woman's cadaver. The artists and their assistants literally bathe in blood, while the audience, which does not participate, watches in a stony-faced silence, as at a theatre. The artists also submit themselves to acts of frightful abasement. The intention is to reproduce "an abreaction and catharsis" in the audience, but one does not have to be a psychoanalyst to see that this is what the artist, and not the audience needs. These sick happenings are also an alleged protest of the art stick-in-the-mud state of the arts in

REBECCA HORN (Hamburg): "Black Horns," 1971 (black cloth).

Vienna. The phenomenon is not confined to Vienna however. One young American, Vito Acconci, is shown half-buried in debris while dressing his pants in doll's clothing...

Flair for sinister

A flair for the sinister, though not sick, shows up in the work of several young Germans who use the body or a group of people as part of their "sculpture," if one can call it that. One of them is 28-year-old Rebecca Horn, who works out of London and Hamburg and who adds horn-like projections to her and others' bodies. The most impressive of all is Franz Erhard Walther who also works out of Hamburg — and New York. He has a whole quartermaster's store of folding canvas constructions into which, when opened, the body or bodies may be slipped, standing or lying. A group of people, "wearing" his materials, either indoors or out in the fields, make a remarkably impressive tableau. Walther himself, in a park and black paratroop boots, has a presence that adds to the seriousness (and also humourlessness) of the situation. But everything he does is original and strangely moving.

GUNTER BRUS (Berlin): Head self-painting, Vienna, 1964.

Then there is that strange have collected. A really mini et-London duo, Gilbert and George, fort is Herbert Distel's tiny Chest who freezes themselves into "living of Drawers Museum of Modern Art, sculpture." The daddy of all the with 178 artists tucked into 20 "cloth" sculptors is Christo, who included four Israelis (the tiny dreds of thousands of square feet works are shown along with colour slides of the originals from which they were made) and in this vicarious way, Israel is thus "represented" at Documenta for the first time. The four are all conceptualists: Marx, Battie, Gershuni, Neustein.

HOW TO GET TO KASSEL: El Al has twice-weekly mid-morning flights to Frankfurt which arrive in time to get you to a taxi to the Hauptbahnhof and catch the 3.36 p.m. (local time) to Kassel. The second-class fare is DM. 21 and you can buy a ticket from the conductor. The ride through the pleasant Hessian landscape past the old university town of Marburg takes three hours, but on the way back there is a morning schooling that takes only two. A convenient hotel with a good restaurant is the Hotel Falck, just outside the railway station, but if you can't stand the noise of traffic try the Hospitz, about seven minutes' walk away on a pedestrian street, the Treppenstrasse, which is also about five minutes' walk from Documenta. You can reach everything by walking in the centre of Kassel and the shopping is dangerously attractive. So is a very nice Chinese restaurant the Moon Palace. There are also direct flights daily from Frankfurt to Venice, where the 30th Biennale is showing till end September. Documenta is open till October 8.

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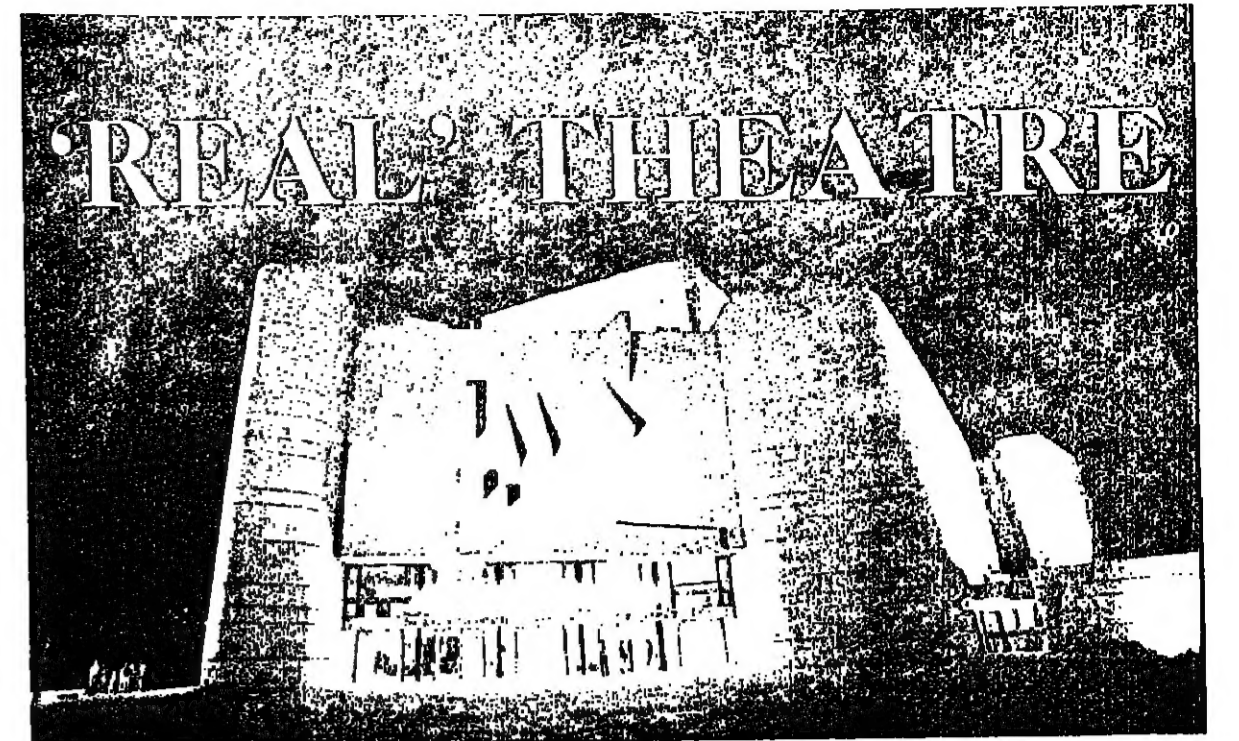
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WANTED: A

THEATRE • MENDEL KOHANSKY

'The huge windowless fortress set apart from ordinary life by a broad piazza... is the most uninviting theatre I have seen'



The Jerusalem Theatre, officially opened last year... "far removed from the lives of the ordinary people." (Rubinger)

At the invitation of Mayor Kollek I attended a meeting at the Jerusalem Theatre last week. Around the table sat three dozen or so people all in some way connected with the theatre, all invited by the mayor to offer advice on the activities to be conducted in the new building.

The discussion was long and involved, and surprisingly mild considering the fact that the inauguration of the building only a few months ago was the occasion for ardent public attacks on Mr. Kollek by, among others, some of the persons present. Which is the reason why, loath to spoil a cosy afternoon, was among the few in the gathering who didn't ask for the floor. No great sacrifice, however, since I am in the fortunate position of being able to express my thoughts on the subject in public.

What was basically wrong with the meeting, and what prevented the discussion from leading to any practical results, was its timing. It took place several years too late. If the mayor of Jerusalem really wanted to consult knowledgeable opinion, he should have done so when the question of constructing the theatre building first came up. Had he done it, I have no doubt that the majority of the people he approached would have told him that the project was a misconception; that what Jerusalem needed was not another theatre building but a theatre company; and that if there were any compelling reasons for erecting a building, it should be one of an entirely different character.

Questions posed

The letter of invitation contained a number of questions, the first of which was: "Should a theatre company be set up in the Jerusalem Theatre?" My reply is that Jerusalem is sadly in need of a theatre company, but not the kind which can function in the new building. The structure and size of a theatre determine the character of the company which will perform on its stage. That is why the procedure is usually reversed — a company constructs a building suitable for its purposes. The Jerusalem Theatre is built for a company presenting large shows with professional actors — the type we see in Eilat and the Chamber. No amateur or semi-amateur, or experimental, or avant-garde, or chamber group, or any of the beaten-track show will look good on that large, electronically created stage facing an expanse of hall with plush seats, entered through the vast, red-carpeted lobby with its stately stairway and resplendent chandeliers.

The city of Jerusalem has neither the financial nor the human resources needed for maintaining a large company of professional actors with professional

directors, served by the dozens of highly-trained technicians required to operate a theatre. The Haifa Municipal Theatre, which was in an infinitely better situation when it was started more than a decade ago has not only failed to solve its financial, manpower and artistic problems, but is at this very moment in the throes of a serious crisis.

Jerusalem certainly needs a theatre company — it is humiliating for the Capital to live, theatrically speaking, by the grace of Tel Aviv and Haifa — and is capable of sustaining one, but of much more modest dimensions. The past few years have proved it. Paradoxically, the capital city, which has never had a regular professional theatre, comes up now and again with an interesting little experiment, a little gem of a production, all of it done with local talent, without any aid from Tel Aviv, Israel's theatrical capital. Two outstanding examples come to mind: Philip Diskin's production of "King Ubu," and Aryo Sachs' "Everyman."

Gave up the ghost

Somewhere in Jerusalem there must be a small cemetery with the remains of little theatres which gave up the ghost after one or two or more productions, among them theatres during their short lifetime. What does this prove? That the Capital is capable of producing good theatre, but that the community is incapable of supporting a modest company requiring a hall that would cost less than one of the above-mentioned chandeliers, that could operate on an annual budget totaling less than the cleaning and electricity bill of the Jerusalem Theatre.

One of the questions in the invitation read as follows: "What responsibility derives from the fact that Jerusalem has a diverse population, including a considerable Arab community?" All those at the meeting who dealt with this question spoke of the need to attract all classes of society, including those who had never before gone to the theatre, as well as the necessity of producing Arabic-language shows. The theatre, all agreed, must be a living institution, where every inhabitant of Jerusalem feels that he belongs.

This is a highly laudable aim, but I am afraid that it will never be achieved. Just as the structure of a building determines the character of the shows to be presented there, it determines the type of audience it will attract.

The architecture of a theatre reflects the social system within which it was built and the social attitudes of its builders. Until our times, the traditional building had three divisions: boxes for the aristocracy, a ground floor for the

ordinary public, a gallery for the riffraff. The standard contemporary building, reflecting a more democratic society, — i.e. one not rigidly divided into classes — has one continuous arrangement of seats, with prices decreasing as distance from the stage increases. This kind of "bourgeois" theatre building caters to a comparatively affluent audience by the comfort of its seats and the opulence of its decor.

And just as in earlier times there were theatres making no social distinctions, even performing in the open, in market places, we have nowadays simple halls built around the stage, dispensing with anything superfluous and with seating arrangements commanding uniform prices. The Jerusalem Khan and Tzavta in Tel Aviv are examples.

The Jerusalem Theatre shows clearly that its planners had in their minds, consciously or unconsciously, the standard theatre-going public of Jerusalem — the well educated, the fairly affluent, accustomed to theatres, concert

halls, here and abroad. The people of Masara, with whom so many speakers at the meeting were rightly awed by all this

moved from their lives, and theatre should not inspire awe. In the Middle Ages, bishops erected magnificent cathedrals for the purpose of stupefying peasants, and putting in their hearts the fear of God and of his representatives on earth. But a theatre is a human institution, and must therefore be built on a human scale. It should provide the public with an aesthetic experience, but above all it should give them a feeling of belonging.

Some weeks ago, I saw a show at the Jerusalem Khan in which youngsters clearly not of a wealthy background performed for their peers, and I enjoyed seeing both those on the stage and those in the audience so obviously at ease in the theatre. I could not possibly visualize such a show in the Jerusalem Theatre which, as Mayor Kollek stressed last week,

is meant for all inhabitants of the Capital.

The huge, windowless, fortress-like mass of stone, set apart from ordinary life by a broad piazza dominated by a neo-brutal reinforced concrete sculpture, is the most uninviting theatre building I ever saw, anywhere. What can it do for the people of Jerusalem? It can house shows imported from Tel Aviv and Haifa, shows hitherto performed in buildings with inferior technical equipment. Its vast, two-level lobby also makes the building suitable for large-scale exhibitions — such as the recent Paris exhibition — and conventions. Delegates to the latter could mill around comfortably outside the meeting hall and take advantage of the elegant mezzanine restaurant. I understand that the hall is also to be used as the permanent home of the Broadcasting Orchestra, and so we can look forward to concerts in next season. Now what do we do about getting a theatre in Jerusalem?

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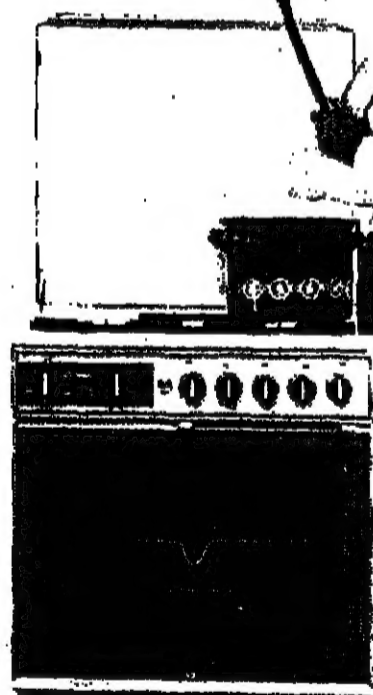
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The Night of the Murdered Poets

Let my people go

By David Markish



ESTHER MARKISH



DAVID MARKISH



IRINA MARKISH

Pharaoh, let my people go!
Here we drained the cup completely
For always and forever
We paid you our debt.
For the brief Russian sojourn
On our way, so crooked,
We paid you in full.
And now—Pharaoh—let go
Not from the flesh of your slaves were we formed,
We were born upon the birthstool of a different people.
We kept your reckoning,
Our account is with us!
Pharaoh, let my people go!
Be admonished, for they will strike roots
Our idea will sprout in silence
And will impress your slaves.
Let my people go, O Pharaoh!
As a storm we shall break through and wash away,
We shall bite, break down the walls,
The banks shall we hok and sweep away.
One mighty final exodus,
A spring river whose waters rise—
This event will awaken your people
—Let my people go, Pharaoh!
Let my people go!

The son of Peretz Markish, David, 54, is a playwright and poet. He has translated several of his father's works into Russian and Hebrew. David and his mother, Esther, have been actively fighting for the right to emigrate to Israel. His wife, Irina, was permitted to emigrate to Israel and visited the United States to appeal for help for her husband and mother-in-law.

By Joel Sprayregen

TWENTY years ago, on the night of August 12, 1952, the 24 leading Jewish poets and writers in the U.S.S.R. were shot to death in the Lubianka Prison in Moscow. This was no random pogrom. Stalin believed he could crush the Jews of Russia at one stroke by destroying their culture and language in the darkness of one Moscow night.

The known victims included the novelist David Bergelson, the poet Peretz Markish, Itzik Feffer, Leib Kvitko, Samuel Porsov, and David Hofshtein, the critic Yitzhak Nusimov, the actor Binyamin Spivak, and the scholar Elishu Solomon Loxovsky, 74-year-old Revolutionary hero and wartime Foreign Ministry press spokesman. Only Bergelson's last words have come down to us: "Earth, oh earth, do not cover my blood."

The executions were a climactic event in a calculated campaign to eradicate Jewish culture carried out by the Soviet government between 1948 and 1953—a period now known as "the

black years of Soviet Jewry." Paradoxically, the gruesome events of this period helped ignite the current Jewish liberation movement in the U.S.S.R.

The opening of the "black years" was signalled by the murder of Shlomo Mikhoels, director of the Yiddish State Theatre and an actor revered by Soviet Jewry. During World War II, Mikhoels had served as chairman of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee set up by the Soviet government to enlist the support of Western Jews. He was only one of the Yiddish writers and artists selected by Stalin to lead the committee destined to become victims of the black years. On the night of January 13, 1948, in Minsk, Mikhoels was deliberately run over by a secret police truck: his bruised and bloody corpse was found near the railroad station next morning.

There was a magnificent state funeral in Moscow, but Peretz Markish, greatest of the Yiddish poets, had the temerity to challenge the official version of "accidental death" in a memorial poem, "To Shlomo Mikhoels—An Eternal Lamp at his Coffin."

The full-scale dismantling of organized Jewish cultural life in the Soviet Union began a few months later, in the fall. Stalin chose the Russian Jewish writer, Ilya Ehrenburg, to fire the opening salvo. In an article in "Pravda" on September 21, following the enthusiastic welcome given to Mrs. Golda Meir on her arrival in Moscow as first Israeli Ambassador, Ehrenburg pointedly told Soviet Jews that identification with Jews in other countries would be proof of their disloyalty to the Soviet Union.

During the winter of 1948-49, all the remaining Jewish cultural institutions were closed: the U.S.S.R. was culturally Judenrein.

JOEL Cang, in his book "The Silent Millions," lists 431 Soviet Jewish artists arrested during this period — 217 writers and poets, 108 actors, 87 painters and sculptors and 19 musicians. The families of the prisoners — wives, children, siblings, parents — were exiled to Siberia or left as social outcasts without means of support. Most of the prisoners died in Soviet concentration camps without known trials.

Before his arrest, Leib Kvitko, who was widely known for his children's stories, left a poem, "Day Grows Darker," which bitterly foretold the fate of the writers:

"A survivor tragic
Will enumerate the slain.
My dead name will be written
Along with many others in letters small
On a lengthy list.
Oh, may he not forget at least
To note on that long list
How old I was!

"Let him leastwise note,
That my heart was bloody
young
That strong, like fear, was my
will to live,
Strong and crazed,
Like my final day."

The fifth anniversary in January, 1953 of the murder of Mikhoels was deliberately chosen for the announcement of the final atrocity of the black years: the "Doctors' Plot," in which the leading physicians were "exposed" as "murderers in white gowns" of Soviet officials. The death of Stalin a few weeks later, on March 5, saved the doctors from execution (except for two who died from prison tortures), and averted the probable exile of all Soviet Jews to Siberia.

WHILE other crimes of Stalin have been acknowledged, the Soviet government continues to conceal the crimes of August 12. To this day, the graves of the writers are not known, nor have the identities of all the victims been established. High Soviet officials have publicly denied the killings. No record of the trial has been released, but it is

known that the accused refused to confess. The continuing suppression of the facts reflects the Soviet conviction — held unwaveringly by all Stalin's successors — that the policy of August 12 was correct: Jewish culture continues under sentence of death.

The Jewish generation which grew to maturity in the Soviet Union after 1952 is the crucible in which this policy has been tested. This generation of Soviet Jews has not been found wanting in its dedication to Jewish survival. Precisely because they have been deprived of the instruments of survival which all other Soviet minorities enjoy — schools, publications, seminars, poets, writers, artists, a language — great numbers of Soviet Jews today proudly assert what Itzik Feffer proclaimed exultantly in one of his last poems, "I am a Jew!":

"The wine of countless generations
Has strengthened me in my wandering,
The angry sword of pain and sorrow
Could not destroy my existence —
My people, my faith, and my flowering,
It has not chained my freedom.
From under the sword I shout:
I am a Jew!"

The remarkable letter of Rosh Hashana, 1970 from 83 Moscow Jews explicitly shows the roots of the current Soviet Jewish li-

beration movement in the events of the black years. "Brother Jews" it begins, employing the wartime greeting used by Mikhoels, "We know everything; we have not forgotten anything... May we never forget those terrible years for Soviet Jewry: 1948 to 1953!" and Soviet Jews show that they have not forgotten by placing flowers on Mikhoels' grave on August 12.

There are other signs from within the U.S.S.R. that the echoes of August 12 will not be stilled. Raiza Palatnik, the Odessa librarian who insisted on addressing the court in Yiddish, was sentenced to two years in prison on charges which included possession of an old book by David Bergelson. And Esther and David Markish, the widow and 34-year-old son of Peretz Markish, emit from Moscow an endless stream of letters, telegrams, telephone calls, and petitions insisting on their right to be repatriated to Israel. David Markish, whose wife was allowed to go to Israel on conditions that she leave without him, does not confine his demands to prose. He writes forceful poetry in Russian demanding of Brezhnev, "Pharaoh, let my people go" (see above).

There is no better illustration of how painfully mis-spent were the bullets of August 12 than the publicly proclaimed determination of Peretz Markish's son to leave the U.S.S.R.

Joel Sprayregen is a Chicago attorney who has been active in connection with the problem of Soviet Jewry.

Readers' Literary Letters

'Rumour in Orleans'

To the Jerusalem Post Literary Editor: Sir, — I would like to emphasize two points not mentioned in the review of the English translation of the book "Rumours in Orleans" (your issue of July 14).

The team of sociologists and psychologists seeking to trace the origin of the entirely unsubstantiated rumour of Jews engaging in white-slave traffic was sent there by the Fonds Social Juif Unifié, a central organization of French Jews. This is a remarkable reaction on the part of a usually slow-moving official body. This par-

tioular rumour had all the ingredients of a story published in the illustrated "Noir et Blanc" a week earlier.

The shopkeepers accused of being white-slavers were not of those Jews who had come to France from North Africa in the last decade or of those originating in Eastern Europe and still recognizable by their accent, but of those who had grown up in France and were most assimilated.

IRIOH KWILWOKI
Ramat Gan.

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הכרמן האל



Jews served in the armies of most countries in which they settled. This picture, "Yahzeit at the Front," was done during the Franco-Prussian War by Moritz Oppenheim. It is from the Oscar Gruss collection, New York.



A small shop selling Jewish religious articles on New York's Lower East Side. The photo is by A. Feintag.

Sixteen million words about the Jews

At the end of last year, 16-volume "Encyclopaedia Judaica" was published by Keter in Jerusalem. Here is the story of this monumental undertaking — with praise and criticism. A few of the pictures used in the volumes are printed on these pages.



November 1949. Moshe Dayan with Col. Hinnay and Col. Molta of the Arab Legion at a meeting at a military base.

From the very excellent to the poor

By Geza Vermes

THE publication of the 16 volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Judaica," each volume containing approximately one million words, is a notable achievement. It usually takes 20 to 30 years to complete a series of such dimensions. This encyclopaedia passed from the planning stage to the finished product within six years and was published as one complete work. With most encyclopaedias, the first volume is largely out of date by the time the last is ready. In the case of the "Judaica," all 16 tomes belong academically to the same vintage.

The encyclopaedia is not the first of its kind in English. Its predecessors were the not particularly important "Universal Jewish Encyclopaedia" (1930-43), and the 12-volume "Jewish Encyclopedia" (1901-05). The latter was a masterpiece, with a plethora of great names among its contributors: Wilhelm Bacher, Ludwig Blau, Adolf Buchler, Kaufman Kohler, Louis Ginsberg, Ignatz Goldsheer, Jacob Zallel Lauterbach, Israel Levi, Theodor Rehnach and Iemar Hilbren among the Jewish scholars, and Christian Eberle of the standing of F.C. Burkitt, Emil Schurer and George Foot Moore.

The need for a completely new encyclopaedia rather than a revision of one of the existing ones hardly needs elaborating in

view of the changes in the Jewish world in the years that saw the Holocaust, the birth of the State of Israel and the emergence of the United States as the world centre of Jewish life outside Eretz Israel. The "Judaica" contains, as might be expected, long articles on these very topics. But it is affected by them in another way, too. Many of the entries pertaining to Central and Eastern Europe are intended as a memorial to vanished communities; 40 years ago these entries would not have appeared at all or would have received far less emphasis. Similarly many a small and unimportant locality receives mention merely because it happens to be in Israel, and certain American cities are given considerable space because they have a large Jewish population. Miami, for example, is allocated 2,000 words. Oxford, by contrast, whose importance is seen to reside in her medieval Jewish past, in centuries of Hebrew learning and in the Bodleian Library's world-famous collection of Hebrew manuscripts, is allotted only 500 words.

Modern trends

The encyclopaedia of course is inspired by, and reflects, modern trends in academic research. Sociology, demography and linguistics, massively represented. Biblical criticism is given generous space, though care has been taken to afford the parallel traditional approach full expression. A confrontation between the two stands is generally avoided, but there are occasional slips. For instance, instead of presenting "Orni Law" from a strictly traditional angle and following this with an outline of Reform attitudes, it would have been better to offer an unbiased historical statement accompanied by presentations of the Orthodox and Liberal points of view.

Another peculiarity of the encyclopaedia is its very generous allocation of space to the Semitic languages. This may be understandable in the case of Hebrew and Aramaic, but even Akkadian is given six columns and Arabic, five. The real purpose of these articles is not entirely clear. For the layman, they are too long and detailed; for the specialist they are not deep or thorough enough.

Another distinguishing feature of the "Judaica" is its wealth of illustration. The colour is, perhaps, not as good as it might be, but in general, the pictures and diagrams add interest and value

to the articles. One may query, however, whether there was much point in attaching a stamp-sized map to every Israeli hamlet mentioned. Also, the detailed map appended to Volume I — the index volume — and entitled "Israel, Map of the Cease-Fire Line," contains no indication whatever of the pre-1967 frontiers of the State.

As to the general standard of the articles, the 16 volumes include a little of everything, from the very excellent to the downright poor and, between these two extremes, a good deal of the mediocre or nondescript. Such is the fate of most collective works. But in this case, the stringent timatation necessitated the mobilization of a very large number of collaborators (in a depleted Jewish world of scholarship) which may have lowered the standard still further.

Experts write

On the other hand, the editors were able to avail themselves of the extensive services of some of the most eminent contemporary experts. Abraham Schalit is responsible for most of the entries concerning Herod the Great and the personalities of his time. Michael Avi-Yonah's name appears regularly at the end of articles on the historical geography of Eretz Israel. Yigael Yadin's contributions on archaeology include a discussion of the still unpublished Temple Scroll from Qumran. Jewish numismatics are described and illustrated by Arieh Kinder. The late E.Y. Kutscher and E.R. Goodenough wrote articles on the Hebrew and Aramaic languages and Jewish symbolism, respectively. E.E. Urbach confirms his reputation as one of the greatest living authorities on the sages and the Mishna. Jacob Neusner, the author of a five-volume history, has essays on Babylonia and Exilarch. Finally — and one of the most impressive accomplishments of the whole work — Gershom Scholem produced, almost single handed, the complete section on Jewish mysticism, including a substantial treatise on the Kabbalah.

The reader with a taste for statistics will notice certain curiosities. "Judaism" is allocated 15 columns, and so is "Mishna." "Maimonides" gets 28, "Talmud" 30, "Chaldea's Literature" 32, and "Pentateuch" 34. "Bible," with all that goes with it (ancient and modern translations, art, music, etc.), is given 150 columns, and "Kabbalah" gets 164. The longest entry is entitled

"Israel (State of)." It covers 746 columns.

Major topics have, on the whole, been assigned to leading authorities and allowed adequate space. There are exceptions, however. "Targum" is explained in 18 lines and the main treatment of the subject — headed "Bible, Translations, Aramaic" — was entrusted to an inexperienced young scholar. The Dead Sea Scrolls were also rather oddly handled. (This may be due to the late editor-in-chief's idiosyncratic views on the Qumran problem.) Instead of an extensive discussion of the topic as a whole, the section editor, F.F. Bruce, has opted for a large number of small separate entries, e.g. "Lion of Frank," "Tias, Man of," "Wicked Priest." These were divided among himself, J. Licht and M. Mansoor. To judge from the bibliographies appended to them, several of the articles on the scrolls must have been written years ago. The latest publication listed under "Dead Sea Sect" appeared in 1959.

Bibliographies

Bibliographies are of the highest importance in any encyclopaedia: in the present work their standard varies. Some, such as those compiled by Kutscher and Scholem, are models, and substantially increase the value of the articles. Others are poor, and often careless. The short book list on Claudel contains three French spelling mistakes; Schalit's book on Herod is cited variously according to its first (1960) or second (1964) Hebrew edition, or its fully revised German version (1969). Such inconsistencies, as well as incorrect first names and dates, which are only too frequent, should have been spotted and corrected. I am sure, for example, that in "Enoch, Ethical Book of," the author mentioned as Dalman is really Dillmann. Incidentally, the entry in question contains no reference at all to the remarkable absence from the Aramaic original discovered in Qumran Cave 4, of the section known as the "Parables (or Similitudes) of Enoch."

One of the thorniest problems facing the editors of any encyclopaedia must be to determine which individuals, especially those still living, to include and how much space to allot them and whether to include a picture. Here it is difficult to distinguish any clear underlying principle apart from that of generosity. Fame or notoriety in any walk

of life, combined with Jewish ancestry, seems to be all that was required to ensure mention; and eminence in the Zionist movement or in Israeli politics appears to have rated higher than, for example, expertise in Biblical study (e.g. there is no entry on Shmaryahu Talmon or Emil Schurer).

Here again, statistics are interesting. A random selection of eight historical figures up to the 19th century shows Moses worth 40 columns, Shabbetai Zevi 35, Herzl 15, Abraham 13, Yehoshua Hanassi six, Johanan ben Zakai five, Jesus four and a half, Napoleon two.

As regards contemporary personalities, David Ben-Gurion is given 10 columns, Bialik eight, Jabotinsky six and Agnon and Buber four columns each (the same length as the article on Shakespeare, Hebrew and Yiddish translations included). Sir Israel Berlin, president of Wolfson College, Oxford, with half a column, narrowly beats Sir Isaac Wilfong by the larger size of his picture and ends in a photo-finish with U.S. band leader Benny Goodman. However, they both lose by a short length to Arthur Miller (who is pictured in the company of Marilyn Monroe).

All-inclusive work

Such incongruities apart, users of the "Judaica" may draw comfort from the fact that, great or small, most non-Jewish notables and even non-Jews of importance (whose names are distinguished by a little circle) — may be found somewhere in this all-inclusive work even if they have not rated an individual entry. The huge Index — it runs to nearly 800 pages — is an invaluable aid to tracing them.

To sum up, in the area of Jewish history, literature and religion, the "Encyclopaedia Judaica" is generally reliable and exhaustive; for the study of Hasidism and Jewish mysticism it is outstanding. The dark years of the Holocaust and its aftermath receive most valuable treatment, as do contemporary Jewish ideas and movements. Finally, it might be expected the "Judaica" is an extremely thorough guide in all matters pertaining to the State of Israel.

By all means buy it — if you can. It costs £11,995.

The writer is Reader in Jewish Studies in the University of Oxford. He is also President of the Society of Jewish Studies, Chairman of the Council of the Oriental Institute, and Editor of the "Journal of Jewish Studies."



Leading a transport of old people from the Theresienstadt ghetto to Auschwitz. Detail of a Leo Haas ink drawing (1943) in Yad Vashem.



Members of the Warsaw Municipal Guard, circa 1830, when the Poles were expelled from Warsaw. The picture is in the "Journal of Jewish Studies." Photo David Harris.

A £120 m. investment

By Geoffrey Wigoder

When the original "Encyclopaedia Judaica" was cut off at the letter "L" upon the advent of the Nazis, the dream remained alive in one of its initiators, Dr. Nahum Goldmann had watched the work progress from its first issue, published in Germany soon after the end of World War I, until the moment work was abandoned at a period when it became impossible to mention the Jews in a favourable light — in print.

The last complete, scholarly Jewish encyclopaedia had appeared before World War I, and as soon as possible after World War II had ended, Dr. Goldmann turned his attention toward publishing a new one: only now the language had to be English, spoken by half the Jews in the world.

After an initial preparatory period in the U.S. (during which the Encyclopaedia Judaica Foundation was established), the main editorial offices were established in Jerusalem (with a branch office in New York). In 1966, Prof. Cecil Roth was named editor-in-chief, and publishing responsibility was taken over by the Israel Programme for Scientific Translations, at that time an Israel Government company (the name of the publisher was later changed to Keter, and the company was bought by Keter).

The entire 16-volume work, therefore, was completed in five years. The basic principle adopted was the maximum distribution of writing assignments so as to

avoid over-dependence on any one contributor.

In 1967, the first year of work, the editorial staff was chosen and immediately set to work compiling a master list of 20,000 entries. Almost 300 departmental editors prepared lists of entries in their appointed fields and proposed contributors. The central editorial board — Prof. Roth, Dr. Geoffrey Wigoder (deputy editor-in-chief), Rabbi Louis Rabinowitz, Rabbi Raphael Posner, Dr. Binyamin Eilat and Mr. Simha Katz (associate editors) — passed on their suggestions, allotted space, and 2,000 contributors began work in earnest, work that would keep them busy for the next two years.

Translations

The emphasis in 1968 and 1969 was on the writing and processing of the articles. About half the "Encyclopaedia Judaica" was originally written in languages other than English (the great majority in Hebrew), and these had to be translated. Entries were set in type and stored in a computer's "memory." Editors collected a library of 25,000 pictures from which 9,000 were selected for publication in the encyclopaedia. A full-time staff of 150 worked on the editorial and administrative aspects of the "Encyclopaedia Judaica" at its Jerusalem office.

In 1970 and 1971, the main challenge was the actual production of the encyclopaedia — the setting, printing and binding, all done at the Keter works in Je-

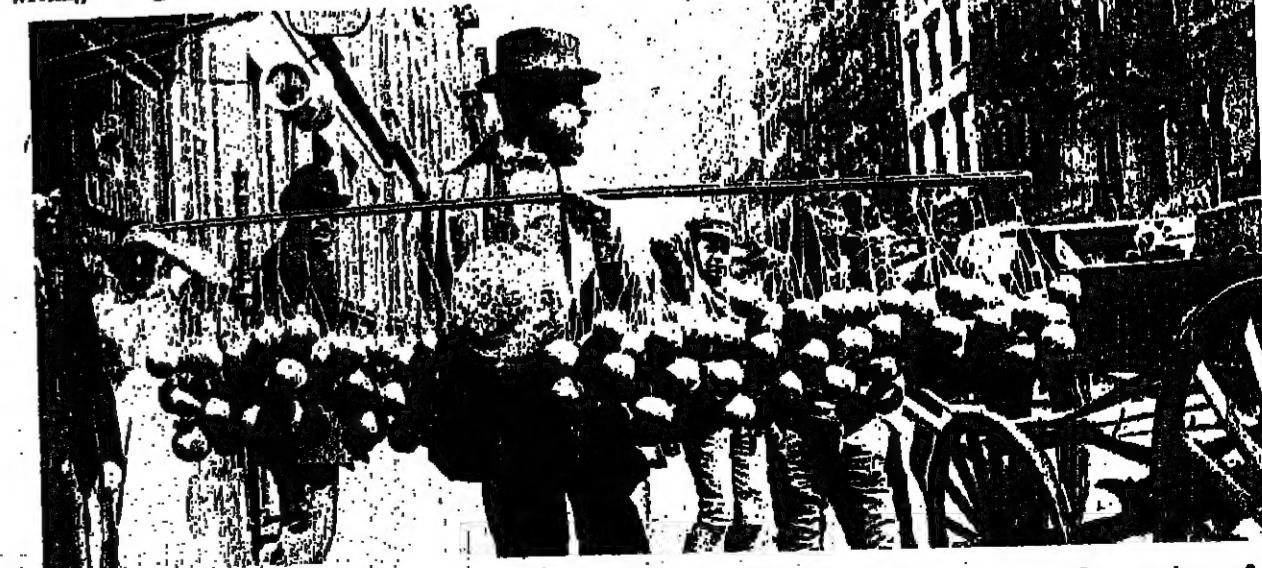
usalem. The final printing and binding of the first volumes were undertaken in the spring of 1971, and the entire 16 volumes were completed on schedule in December.

A central role was played by the computer, in particular in the preparation of the index. As every article was set, the key words to appear in the index were coded and stored in the "memory" of the computer. Then, when all 15 volumes of text had been set, the computer — within a matter of hours — sorted out these 250,000 references, put them into alphabetical order, and inserted the volume and page number where they appeared. This enabled the preparation of the index volume at the same time as the final printing of the last text volume.

The encyclopaedia represents an investment of some £120,000,000, the initial \$2,000,000 out of counterpart funds as a loan from the U.S. Government, the remainder from the publishers. In America, the "Encyclopaedia Judaica" appears under the name of The Macmillan Company.

The immense amount of material gathered in the preparation of the encyclopaedia is now being utilized in other directions. These include the preparation of a 30-volume Judaica series to be published in Hebrew and a two-volume "Encyclopaedia Judaica" in Russian to be published in 1973.

The writer was Deputy Editor-in-Chief and later Acting Editor-in-Chief of the Encyclopaedia.

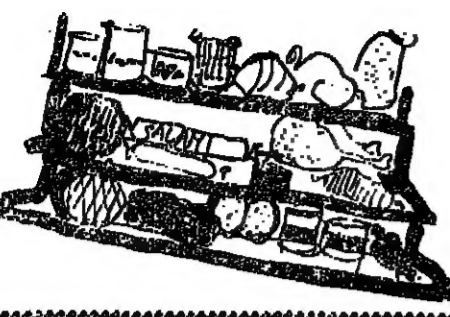
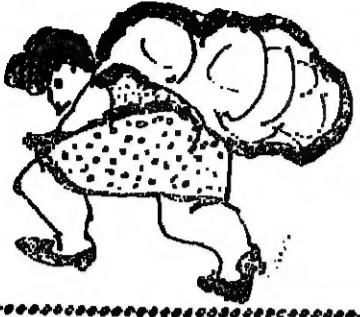


A Jewish orange vendor in New York in 1895. The photo, by Alice Austen, was used by courtesy of the Staten Island Historical Society.

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Marketing with Martha



ISSUES IN AMERICA

GARY, Indiana. — If I were writing a marketing column in the United States, I would have to devote at least one article this summer on the rising price of meat. Coming from Israel, I am rather amused at the public outcry over meat prices which are just about reaching the levels we in Israel are accustomed to paying. And this must be seen in light of the fact that Americans earn about three times what Israelis do.

But Americans are sorely distressed about their meat. On July 8, although there was an American Airlines hijacking attempt that day, the lead headline in the *Elmira*, Ohio, "Chronicle-Telegram" was "Meat Prices in 2 Dozen Cities." The Associated Press story reported that "grocery bills — particularly for the better cuts of beef and pork — have increased anywhere from a dime a pound on up in the two weeks since the latest warning was issued." (Supermarkets had warned the public to expect the rise, which they blamed on raising wholesale prices) in Israel terms, the rise reported by the A.P. would mean about 80 agorot a kilo more.

How much do Americans pay for their meat? Examples are a bit tricky, since prices, as in Israel, vary with where you shop and the grades of meat you choose. *Kasher* meat is more expensive than non-*kasher*, but this involves a tiny percentage of American shoppers, and even a small percentage of the Jewish shoppers once you get outside the New York area.

Comparisons are also difficult because American meat is generally sold with the bone, Israeli meat without. In an American supermarket, you can buy rib roast for about \$1.20 a pound, which would be 11.1 a kilo. But this will include the rib bones and more fat than on the boneless rib roast in Israel — for which I pay 11.50 a kilo at Super-Soil, or 11.20 when the store has a "special."

For a better comparison, you might take the eye-of-rib steak, boneless. I called a meat market in Gary, Indiana, to ask the price, and was shocked when the butcher replied \$2.08 a pound. That would be 12.75 a kilo, whereas Super-Soil will sell you the same thing for 11.80 a kilo. No wonder Americans are upset.

I did see an ad which suggests what carnivorous Americans might do to beat the beef prices. You can "buy your beef wholesale — on the rail" — "treasurer beef at wholesale prices" — assuming of course that you have a large deep freezer to store it, which many Americans do have.

WED can also teach our American cousins something about living in condominium apartment houses — which, after all, is what most Israelis live in, a *bayit meskani*, or a building of individually owned apartments with some common parts, such as the roof and halls.

The condominium is the latest rage in American home-buying, particularly in the large cities. If I were writing a marketing column in the United States today, I would undoubtedly devote a page to this housing system, which still puzzles most Americans. While I was visiting in Ohio, the real estate editor of the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" gave an entire page spread to the

subject of condominiums, which he called the "nation's new shelter concept." It is a growing trend, he wrote, for existing rental apartment buildings to be converted into condominiums. He went on to explain what condominium living means to owners in economic and social terms — something the Israeli needs no explanation about — including the "problems of cooperating closely with neighbours they could previously ignore."

Advertisements as well as articles point up the new trend in American home-ownership. "Three Pools and Two Sunnas with your Condominium" reads an ad for Clarkwood Townhouse Condominiums in a Cleveland suburb. There is also an exercise room, a complete playground for the kids, and you can "throw a party in our large party room with its own kitchen." A two-bedroom town house (semi-detached row-house) complete with carpeting and kitchen electrical appliances costs about \$100,000 — and you can pay five per cent down and the rest on mortgage at 7 1/2 per cent interest.

Last the prices sound too ridiculously low by Israeli standards of today, let me add that, as I understand it, monthly maintenance charges in an American condominium are far higher than the monthly house-dogs which an Israeli family pays.

Some American condominiums take pride in the fact that they do not allow children. "Why doesn't someone design a home for people without children?" reads a Cleveland "Plain Dealer" ad which answers itself, "We did — Ridgely Place Condominiums."

More subtle, but saying the same thing, is the ad for "The Heather Wood, a condominium for adult living." If children do not belong, "single girls get a warm welcome at The Heather Wood," the ad goes on. Security — against crime — is a major selling-point in American homes ads: "Enclosed garages with automatic door openers ensure convenience, protection and security," promises the Heather Wood.

AMERICANS who live in private houses with lawns — what we call "villas" or "cottages" in Israel — are tending more and more to have private swimming pools. This is no longer the prerogative of the very rich, and if I were writing a marketing column in the U.S., I would undoubtedly write about "how to buy a pool."

There's a lot to choose from: Will you have an "in-ground" pool (which requires digging up your yard) or a pool which sits on top of the ground? (These are entered by a ladder, and are, by necessity, shallower than in-ground pools). Will you have an oval-shaped pool or a round one? Do you want aluminium or steel? Do you need a pool heater? Will it have a "Giant Redwood patio deck"? Will you spend \$1,800 for a 18 foot by 31 foot pool, or a mere \$370 for a four foot by 15 foot model?

Infected by the American pool mania, I went out today and bought an "splasher pool" to take back to Tel Aviv for our tiled rooftop. It cost me the equivalent of 11.50 at Sears, and is just about big enough for my two pre-school-age daughters and a couple of their friends.

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NURSING SCHOOL CHANGES DIRECTION

By Philip Gillon
Jerusalem Post Reporter

The oldest nursing school in the country, the Henrietta Szold-Hadassah School of Nursing, established in 1918, is to change its character completely within the next three years; instead of training nurses in three-year diploma courses it will offer four-year courses culled from the Faculty of Medicine. The present building will no longer serve as a residential dormitory combined with a school, but will have the character completely changed to suit the needs of a university faculty. Students will live in student hostels in the city.

This is the first time that a degree course of this type will be possible in Israel, although Tel Aviv University provides a three-year baccalaureate course for nurses who have already obtained their nursing diploma. For the Jerusalem course, students who have passed their matriculation examinations will be eligible.

"Offering a degree course in nursing reflects the revolutionary changes that have taken place in the profession, as in all medicine," says Professor Anne Kibrick, Dean of the School of Nursing of Boston University, who has acted as a consultant in the preparation of the curriculum that was eventually approved by the Standing Committee of the Senate of the Hebrew University. "In the old days, the nurse had to cope with communicable diseases, and had to treat patients suffering from fevers. She had to guard against the danger of cross-infection in these diseases. Now communicable diseases have been brought under control; the kind of diseases with which we have to deal are altogether different. The nurse has to work with new drugs, and with highly sophisticated equipment. We get all kinds of specialties now, such as psychiatry, coronary care and dialysis."

Example

Professor Kibrick, President of the National League for Nursing, has offered an example of how much the education of a nurse has changed since Florence Nightingale first went to the Crimea with her lamp. She obtained a B.S. degree at Boston University, an M.A. at Columbia University, a Ph.D. at Harvard. She is a Commissioner on the National Commission for the Study of Nurs-



Judith Steiner-Freud, Director of the Henrietta Szold-Hadassah School of Nursing; Professor Anne Kibrick, Dean of the Nursing School of Boston University; Professor Kalman J. Mann, Director-General of the Hadassah Medical Organization; and Henia Heiman-Elkind, head of the Hadassah Nursing Services.

ing and Nursing Education in the United States, and a Member of the National Advisory Council of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare; she was recently elected a member of the highly esteemed National Academy of Science.

It has not been easy getting the Hebrew University to accept the principle that nursing should be included among the degree courses; many years of solid hard work preceded the decision of the Senate Standing Committee. Professor Kibrick explains cheerfully that the same type of resistance was encountered and overcome in the United States. "Universities with great traditions in the liberal arts tend sometimes to be reluctant to grant profession-orientated degrees," she says. The approval of the Standing Committee of the Senate was only obtained after a decade of hard battling and lobbying by the nurses, led by Judith Steiner-Freud, the head of the Nursing School.

"One reason such a course is necessary is that the profession has to attract bright girls who do very well in their high schools, and want to go on to college," says Professor Kibrick. "They want something more than the diploma course, and are not prepared to live in the traditional nurses' dormitories. In the U.S. we were experiencing a sharp decline in the number of such girls taking up nursing. Once we started degree courses, the drop was offset."

Wards once a week

The course, which will be part of the Faculty of Medicine, will involve two years of academic study at the Hebrew University of such subjects as chemistry, biochemistry, physics, sociology, anatomy and physiology, together with work in social welfare and occupational therapy. The girls will be introduced to nursing practice by going into the wards once a week. The third year will be heavily clinical, and the fourth year will be an internship, in which the nurse will work out whatever speciality attracts her most.

"Nurses with degrees become specialists dealing with the critically ill," Professor Kibrick sums up. "But there will be plenty of interesting work — too much for them to cope with, in fact — for other nurses."

It is possible that one of the lecturers in the new course will be Professor Dorothy Popkin, of the State University of New York, who is at present in Israel and is serving as a consultant to the Psychiatric Department of the Hadassah Hospital, Kiryat Shaul and Tel Aviv University. Her speciality is psychiatric nursing.

"Psychiatric nursing is certainly a specialisation; girls who have not had specialist training find it very difficult to cope with the problems they encounter, and there is generally a shortage of nurses in this field as a result. I would say that Israel has to have degree training; the new course will make all the difference to the profession. It'll give girls the background, a broader understanding of the social sciences and humanities, as well as a better technical training, to deal with the kind of patients with whom they will have to work."

Sub-specialities

Professor Popkin points out that there are already sub-specialities in psychiatric nursing, such as group psychotherapy and social psychiatry. Her own field is group psychotherapy.

"It makes sense," she points out. "People live and work in groups. It is important to use this in therapy. But there are all kinds of aspects to psychiatric nursing. I have no doubt that having a degree course in it will bring great benefits, not only to the patients and nurses but also to the society as a whole."

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Gershon Bram at his design table.

By Catherine Rosenheimer
Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

TEL AVIV. —

WHEN couturier Ted Lapidus visited Israel last year, it was natural that the only Sabra employed in the workrooms of his Paris fashion house should accompany him on the trip. The young designer in question, Gershon Bram from Kfar Aza, returned to Israel for good a few months ago, having studied fashion at the *Chambre de Mode* in Paris, then working—and continuing to learn—in Lapidus' atelier.

Just recently, he launched the first models in his new *pret-à-porter* venture to potential buyers and press

—a modest collection quantity-wise, consisting of just seven models, and an exciting collection potential-wise. The new company, called *Even-Bram*, a partnership between Gershon and an economist friend, Harry Even.

Gershon Bram makes the impression of a determined, straightforward young man with both feet firmly on the ground. His choice of career came about "simply because I've always liked fashion," though before he went to study in Paris, he spent three years in a very different field. He was an aircraft mechanic during army service.

"The type of fashion we are aiming to produce," he says, "is good *pret-à-porter* for the woman of be-



First models by a sabra designer.

From the *Even-Bram* winter collection: Right — an R.A.F. pilot's jacket reminiscent of World War II, zipped up the front. Left—Emerald green wrap-over jacket with navy pants.

between 30 and 40 with enough money, and interest, to make herself look young. There's nothing startlingly new about that concept, though I feel there's plenty of room for more well-made clothes of this type on the Israeli market. Judging by the number of complaints I hear from

women in or around this age bracket that they can find nothing to suit them, he may well be right. Gershon's styling is definitely Lapidus influenced—in its clean lines that fit and flatter the body, clothes designed to hug the wearer high across the shoulder line, coats and jackets often with high, deep yokes, then flaring to flatter less-than-perfect hips.

A good example of a coat on these lines is Bram's laminated, striped cotton raincoat: made of a turquoise, beige and white stripe, highly effective in coloring, mysteriously familiar looking, though I couldn't quite place it until he revealed its source: "mattress covering."

Nylon coated
He persuaded a local plastics factory to coat the fabric in the same way as they make nylon-coated tablecloths—and came up with a beautiful raincoat fabric. The coats have a fabulous cut, high yoked and tent shaped with deep back vents, and in their various colour combinations should do a lot to cheer up the cloudburst days of next winter. Flanking back to his Air Force days, a beige gabardine pants suit has a brief jacket edged in matching rib knit, slipping up the front—very reminiscent of R.A.F. pilot's jackets in World War II.

The pants — superbly fitting high-waisted Oxford bags — go back a couple of decades earlier in their origins! The same super pants appear in dirty-pink wool gabardine topped by a brief tent-shaped jacket, and again in a striking suit consisting of an emerald-green wrap-over belted jacket with navy pants — this suit in slightly heavier weight.

Gershon's winter coats in check blanket fabrics are as well cut as the rest of his clothes—all outerwear, no dresses—though the material looked rather too warm for an Israeli winter.

The first collection, stresses Bram,



Gershon Bram's flaring winter coat in smooth green wool fabric has deep back vent, squared off ruffles sleeves very 'thirties in appearance with big turn-back cuffs.

is an experimental one, designed to gauge buyers' reactions — and for that reason a small one. All the clothes are made up in Israeli-made fabrics—otherwise prices for clothes with this degree of tailoring and hand-work would be exorbitant. All in all, they are not too terrible, all things considered—around IL600 for coats, IL400 — IL450 for suits.

HOW THE SEA IS BEING POLLUTED

Tankers and industry are wreaking havoc with the Mediterranean and its beaches. Reporter Ya'acov Ardon discusses the

damage done and says that those who pollute the sea should pay now to keep it clean or be prosecuted



Treading warily between the tar on Israel's beaches.



The only way of keeping the beaches clean. (Israel Simonsky, Israel Sun)

In some areas of the Mediterranean fishermen catch fish tasting of oil, not to mention a flavour of olive oil, but with such a strong smell of pollution as to be unfit for human consumption. The cause? Pollution.

A gloomy report on the future of the Mediterranean was published some months ago by the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization (F.A.O.), in Rome.

Every year, hundreds of millions of tons of crude oil are carried by tanker ships in the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantic.

The Middle East, from Iran to Libya, not only possesses the world's largest petroleum deposits, but extracts it at a lower cost per barrel than anywhere else in the world. On average, a Middle East well yields over 200 times as much crude oil as a U.S. well and almost 30 times as much as a Venezuelan well.

Oil consumption in the Western world is rising at between six and ten per cent a year. We can expect that, by the end of the century, more oil will be shipped across the Mediterranean sea.

Climatic factors
He explains that in the Northern Hemisphere, the rotation of the earth around its own axis causes moving objects to be subjected to a torque to the right — that is, a force deflecting them eastward from their straight course. The phenomenon is familiar to gunners, who, in long-distance shelling, must make an allowance for the deviation of their shells, and to jet-plane navigators. Through the narrow Straits of Gibraltar, Atlantic Ocean water streams into the Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean water is forced to move eastward. In summer, because of the winds and other climatic and hydrographic factors, the currents move counter-clockwise and carry the waste dumped by ships in the sewer areas (and illegally elsewhere) towards the shores, mainly those of the eastern Mediterranean — Israel, and Lebanon and Syria.

As regards parking, he cites the case of the Khan, they say, the Adriatic coast near Haifa, which has been the scene of many accidents. The Khan is a beautiful hotel and bath area. Last year, a tanker ship, the *Al Arab*, ran aground near the Khan, and its cargo of oil was spilled. The Khan is now a restricted Turkish caravanserai, and has its own special atmosphere.

Unintentional

water to the F.A.O. report, well meant to support the case for a strict marine park. He also mentions the fact that the Khan, they say, the Adriatic coast near Haifa, which has been the scene of many accidents. The Khan is a beautiful hotel and bath area. Last year, a tanker ship, the *Al Arab*, ran aground near the Khan, and its cargo of oil was spilled. The Khan is now a restricted Turkish caravanserai, and has its own special atmosphere.

RADIO FOR MUSIC

of the currents that does the best job of cleaning up the mess. The Ashkelon port facilities are regarded by international bodies as so important and intricate that the Inter-governmental Maritime Consultative Organization (IMCO), has charged a subcommittee on marine pollution with an economic and technical study of the various methods of dealing with dirty ballast water aboard tankers for in-port disposal.

The 'best solution'
The Tahal men suggest, as the best solution, that all the oily ballast water should be pumped ashore from the holds of a tanker and treated there, the oil being separated from the water and the purified water being run back into the sea. The recovered oil could be collected in storage tanks and used productively. Captain Hamel himself goes as far as suggesting that tank owners should be paid for the oil recovered from their ballast water; this would provide an incentive for pumping it ashore rather than spilling it into the sea. Tahal estimates the total unit cost for on-shore treatment of ballast water at 10 cents for each ton of crude oil transferred through the oil terminal; it puts the cost of an entire installation for recovering, treating and storing ballast water and oil at close to \$2m. per berth.

The establishment of facilities of this kind was called for by the International Convention of the Prevention of Pollution of the Sea by Oil, 1962.

So far Israel is the only country in the Eastern Mediterranean to have complied with the convention. It seems pertinent to ask whether the international oil companies which have made such fabulous profits from the exploitation of the Middle East oil should not pay the cost of the installations that would keep the sea clean. In a city or anywhere else, the ordinary citizen is expected to keep his environment clean or else face prosecution. Why should oil tanker companies and industries causing pollution be treated differently?

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A SLAVE IN ISRAEL



I DON'T suppose that the Friday night Gideon Tapaz play, "Rose-water from Port Said," was only commissioned, and filmed after last week's "Boomerang" devoted to women's issues, but I suspect that many an Israeli woman must have desired passionately to get to know the good-hearted Antebi, who sent his old girlfriend in Jerusalem a Sudanese slave. It is so difficult to get good household help these days that Antebi would really spread a great deal of happiness with a few more such presents.

In the end, I couldn't understand why the lady decided to send the large-eyed Ahmed back to Port Said. He had proved to be a model family factotum, almost Jeeves-like in his ability to solve insoluble problems: he managed to divert the C.I.D. man from hand-grenades to bottles, and arrived in the nick of time to save the Jewish child from some sort of unpleasant experience — the direction was so subtle that it was difficult to work out exactly what fate would have befallen her. So Ahmed did well a few nuts in the Old City in his spare time — what's so terrible about that? Everybody has to do a bit of moonlighting on a second job in these parts, even a slave.

Being an incurable romantic, I thought that maybe mama decided to get rid of him because of the way her daughter looked at him through her dressing-table mirror; but people with whom I've argued the point insist that there was no hanky-panky going on; mama just couldn't bear the nigh-

hours knowing that he had to earn money by means of a little salesmanship on the side.

It is perhaps unfair to write about the play so flippantly, since it was done with such serious intent, but its solemnity did verge at times on pomposity. Otherwise, it was an extremely laudable effort, for which Television House deserves to be congratulated. Somehow Gideon Tapaz managed to bring in every aspect of the 'thirties, including the Hagana and the British, although the British 'tees came straight out of the Keystone tradition rather than the "hobby" one.

Apart from the idiosyncrasies of the cops, the acting throughout was excellent, and the direction restrained and suggestive rather than assertive. I hope we'll have more of the same.

PHILIP GILLON'S TELEREVIEW

allowed to fool around with the tender passion. Here we had Danno contorting his face and his shoulders, and making rasping sort of noises, because the mastermind had killed his girl friend. I presume he was indicating that he was grief-stricken, but I don't think it's fair to put a detective under a strain of that kind.

On Jordan's "Combat," the sergeant also did some weeping and wailing, so the disease seems to be spreading across the open bridges.

ANY wistful ideas a viewer may have had that slavery had its good points must have been dispelled by the horrifying documentary, "The Colour War," a terrible indictment of primitive whites in Great Britain, the U.S.A., South America and South Africa. It was a very long film, which traced the gruesome record of man's inhumanity to man from the days of the first slave ships to the suppression of riots in the black ghettos of America today. The pictures of the old slaves were disturbing, but the most blood-chilling pictures were of the looting, vicious faces of a lynch mob underneath the bod-

I was somewhat curious as to why the programme planners chose this documentary as the week's major item of instruction — I presume it was not considered to fall into the category of entertainment. On the whole, it seemed to be a long, long sermon to the converted: one of the greatest blessings in Israel is that the whole ethos of the country is so inimical to any form of discrimination, on the grounds of race, religion, colour or creed. We do get isolated instances of morose prejudice, but they are so much the exception that they prove the rule. Or do the programme planners fear that prejudices are dormant in our

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DODGING THE FACTS

RADIO REVIEW
 by ZEV SOHUL

"I AM a New Immigrant" (Saturday, Second Programme 6.05 p.m.) must have made some people wish they were new immigrants. It seemed to have all the ingredients of a good programme — an interesting, topical subject, a five-star interviewer (Shmuel Shal) and peak listening time; but we were served mediocre fare by an interviewer who sounded bored to tears by practically everything and everybody except the young and apparently very appealing interpreter (female). At times he sounded downright hostile to the newcomers.

The interviews — mainly with Russians with personal and not very convincing complaints — dragged on and on and none of the really urgent problems was touched upon.

We could think of many — such as relations with the veteran Israeli community, language barriers, professional retraining requirements. And it would be salutary to look at Israelis through newcomers' eyes for a change (instead of our looking at the white-framed duty-free cars first and their drivers second.)

Shmuel Shal is no newcomer to radio and has earned himself his reputation the hard way. This made his performance on Saturday all the more inexcusable. But those responsible for the programme also deserve some rotten eggs. Isn't anybody at Broadcasting House adding anything any more?

Thinking of interviews, not everybody, of course, can hope to match Gideon Lev-Arie. This decidedly smooth-tongued and deep-throated radio veteran can fully take pride in his work. His "Weekly Column" (Friday,

cup of boiling water, pretending it's soluble.)

In the following day's "Monthly Interview," not even Gideon Lev-Arie could ruffle the feathers of our Minister of Housing, Mr. Ze'ev Sharaf, who remained unperturbed despite the many loaded questions dropped into his lap. Mr. Sharaf admitted that he had never opted for popularity, or easy jobs. "Not when I was assigned to head internal revenues and not now. All I want to retain is the image of a person my grandchildren will be able to respect," he said.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER of those "My Taste" catastrophes (Friday, Second Programme, 11.07 p.m.). Does anyone listen to the records and tapes before they are put on the air to torment us all?

The gentleman with the taste (sorry, his name eluded me, but I distinctly remember that he was a lawyer) threw the book at us. Tchaikovsky's violin concerto (fragments) and Rachmaninoff's piano something (out of before it ended) — through Kennedy's inaugural speech and then right back to the dance music of the late 'thirties. I don't know whether some of the venerable rhumbas and tangos came straight out of the gentleman's private collection — but they sounded like genuine museum pieces.

It wasn't fair, considering it was a Friday evening and that the alternatives open to us were a radio story on the First Programme followed by "Sounds from the remote past" (more of them!) and the "Direct Dialling" on the Army Programme which isn't everyone's cup of tea either.

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